

The Athletic Association

The executive of the A.A. met early in the fall for our first meeting. One of our decisions was to arrange an activity each month to which everyone was welcome, but not obliged to come. We rode twice, had a roller skating party, and our January activity was the House-party at Huntsville. We plan to have a bicycle ride as soon as the weather permits. We also took charge of an Assembly programme at which were shown moving pictures of Life-Saving and Health.

Briefly, our vision for the future is to unite all our out-of-school activities such as the Glee Club, Dramatics, A.A. activities, and others, into one organization which might be called an Activities Association. There would be a president and officers of this with chairmen at the head of each particular activity. We feel that this would greatly simplify the organization and integration of school activities.

Margaret Dunning

It was a Friday in October when a few of The Margaret Eaton Students threw all discretion to the winds and with a care-free air climbed into "Hurdie's" car (the school chariot). We were off - to ride horses! Out to the Old Mill we went, all talking at once, how many times we had been on a horse and how many times we had been off, whether the English or Western saddle was in favour. I thought longingly of the horn on the Western saddle but kept my thought to myself.

When we arrived we found the dressing room and quickly changed into what could hardly be called "riding habits" but nevertheless served the purpose beautifully. Outwardly nonchalant and inwardly quaking, we sauntered forth to view, with an air of knowledge, what we were to be on top of for the next hour - or few minutes, as the case might be.

Waiting for my horse to be brought out (English saddle!) I saw one of the girls slide artfully into place. How does she do it, thought I, making a mental picture of myself having an all-round wrestle to make the grade. It would be either me or the horse! When the time came, all too quickly, they produced from out of nowhere a miniature step-ladder, and I found myself lightly tripping up the steps and to my amazement sitting upright in the saddle. I wondered why they had neglected to invent that device years ago.

Ah! The actual riding now began, the majority, including myself, finding it a trifle difficult not to come down and hit the horse as it was going up. Along the way one could hear, "one, two, up! three, four, down!" as the grooms patiently did their best to save the horses. Strange to relate, the casualties were few. With aching sides and smiling faces we once more found our feet on terra firma. Miss Wardley seemed next day to have suffered the least effects, but nevertheless the tune, "Take me back to my boots and saddles" could be heard throughout the halls amid much teasing and not a little limping.

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Senior: "Aren't you in for a lot of kidding after your riding lesson?"

Junior: "Yes, indeed, it's apt to become a standing joke."

And They Went Round and Round...

She's up. She's down. Whatever do you mean? Did you not hear about the Roller Skating party - the inspiration of the Athletic Association Committee? What fun it was! We went round and round and fell down here, there, and everywhere. But not for long - always somebody to the rescue to whisk or drag us from destruction beneath rumbling wheels. All too soon our "rounds" came to an end and homeward we trudged our weary way.

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The Trails go down and around,
Tally Ho-o-o, oh-oh,
And we come out here.

On Friday, January 24th, a gay party of Margaret Eatonites including Helen Fiebig, Helen Hurd, Eleanor Keyes, Netta Morrison, Louise Proctor, Ellie Sovereign, Cecily Bealim, Pearl Flatt, Virginia Race, Phyllis Wray, Mary Elizabeth Wright and accompanied by Miss Somers and Miss Wardley, left via C.N.R. for Huntsville to spend the week-end at Tally-Ho Inn.

After the lunch boxes had been disposed of and every parlour game, including "Pig" (or was it "Goat?"), was played, we arrived at our destination in twenty-five-below-zero weather to be greeted by our charming host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Gunn. We partook of hot rolls and tea and retired.

The night passed quietly and coolly, much to Mr. Gunn's disgust, who found every window in the cabin open (just our Community Hygiene coming out in us!).

The week-end was a glorious one, which consisted of grand skiing - with its ups and downs, skating at Limberlost and a real old-fashioned sleigh ride, one dear to the memories (also knees) of Peggy and Netta.

Home again on Sunday, and the last we saw of The Margaret Eaton Party was some very independent girls carrying their own luggage, completely ignoring the porters and redcaps.

Goodbye Tally-Ho - the week-end spent with you was one of very pleasant memories of M.E.S. and we hope that some day very soon our paths will meet again.

Margaret Eaton vs University of Western Ontario

Let's give three hearty cheers for our basketball team; they played the University of Western Ontario and defeated them. The game took place on Saturday, February 8th, and was made possible by our Athletic Committee. Shortly before two o'clock the two teams entered the gym both looking very smart in their uniforms - Western all in white and M.E.S. in their tunics. M.E.S. had very loyal supporters in the gallery, including Miss Somers, Miss Hamilton and several of the Grads. The last half of the game was most exciting and the M.E.S. players were at their best.

Unfortunately, we did not know the names of all the Western players. However, we would like to mention Miss Mary Barker and Miss Doris Weston, who coached the Western team, and Miss Prendergast who refereed the game.

The M.E.S. line-up consisted of our very best - Marion Glenwright, Phyllis Hammill, Barbara McArel, Grace Richer, Helen Ricker, Hilda Smith, Ellie Sovereign, Ruth Whiteley, Elspeth Wilson, Phyllis Wray.

After the game everyone enjoyed a very nice tea upstairs in the lounge.

Lacrosse Game

Canada's national game was ably demonstrated by The Margaret Eaton School Grads vs. the Students, in a thrilling match on the field at Ramsden Park.

The game started with much vigour, when Mrs. Fierro, with a combination of skill and experience, raced down the length of the field to score the first goal.

At the end of the first half of the game, which Ruby Thomas refereed, the score was 4-3 in favour of the Grads. After half time the battle was resumed with Mrs. Fierro refereeing. Ruby Thomas, in a mad rush to further contribute to the Grads' score, was overcome by a nasty mud-puddle which complicated matters some. However, with a never-say-die determination our player resumed her place, with a rather gray-bespattered uniform, amid much cheering at the benches.

Despite the fact that the students received some coaching during the second half, they could not more than tie the score 6-6. The game ended with much cheering from both sides.

The line-ups:

Grads: Flora Secord, Louise Beatty, Mrs. Fierro, Helen Patterson, Ruby Thomas, Norah Fletcher, Winnifred McEvoy, Molly Maw, Betty Gunsaulus, Ethel Thornton.

School: Marion Glenwright, Ellie Sovereign, Hilda Smith, Dorothy Lowman, Isabel Lowe, Margaret Dunning, Helen Hurd, Helen Turner, Phyllis Hammill, Louise Proctor, Helen Ricker, Shirley Naylor.

Field Hockey

Ramsden Park was the scene of a Field Hockey Game one afternoon in October. The teams taking part were the Students and the Alumnae of The Margaret Eaton School. The game was very even and the Alumnae won.

Grads: Mrs. Fierro, Erna McTear, Ethel Thornton, Norah Fletcher, Louise Beatty, Ruby Thomas, Molly Maw, Betty Snell, Marjorie Culbert, Flora Secord, Winnifred McEvoy.

School: Ellie Sovereign, Marion Glenwright, Helen Hurd, Hilda Smith, Phyllis Hammill, Isabel Lowe, Louise Proctor, Grace Richer, Shirley Naylor, Helen Turner, Margaret Dunning, Cecily Baalim.

Skating

This year the figure skating classes, under the direction of Mrs. Charlotte Kaulbach Fierro, were brought to a close by a small demonstration in Varsity Arena for friends and parents of the students.

The programme consisted of the regular class routine - every student taking part in the free-skating, and the progressive steps in learning Ten-step and the Waltz. The Ten-step was then repeated by six students in special formation.

The highlight of the programme was the number performed by the "Four" of the Toronto Skating Club who came second in the Canadian Championships of 1936. There, lies inspiration!

Hart House Demonstration

Gymnastics, dancing, games and tumbling were demonstrated by the students of The Margaret Eaton School at the Hart House Gymnasium the evening of May 21st.

Running and vaulting served as an introduction to our active performance. The Seniors then carried on with picturesque folk-dances, Morris, Portuguese and German, awe-inspiring to the Juniors as they peered through the doorway ready to construct "The House That Jack Built." Both Seniors and Juniors then demonstrated their ability in tap dancing. We hope that the characterization and the "falls" in "The Two Rubes" were convincing, to say the least. Following the tap dancing, a progression in learning the tango was exposed to the audience; changing from the slow rhythm of the tango, the swinging rhythm of fundamental gymnastics was established with A, B and C division of the table, sparing no part of the anatomy. The Juniors built pyramids and tumbled through the seventh number in the programme with the grace and ease of the "Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze", at least that was the impression we intended to leave.

German expression gymnastics, consisting of dynamic movement were exhibited by the entire school. Divertissement was provided by an exciting game of volleyball.

An effort was made to put into movement the prevailing thought basic to "Supplication" and "Rusticale" by the Juniors. "Outcast" was performed by the Senior class and gave an expressive dramatic symbolism of "die-hards" against a solo. "Accelerando" was done by the Seniors and the Juniors together, and despite the bruised knees from much practice the group swept across the floor en masse into a grande finale.

The programme was under the able direction of Miss Florence A. Somers and the staff of The Margaret Eaton School.

The Swimming Demonstration, 1935

On the evening of March 15th, parents and friends crowded around the edges of the pool and awaited events. The first of these events was Singing Games and Nursery Rhymes for Children - such as "Humpty Dumpty", "Jack Be Nimble", "How Do You Do, My Partner?" and "London Bridge" - adapted to the swimming pool.

Lucille Kirk as teacher and the Seniors as little children, presented the Brink Method of teaching beginners. Progression for speed in the crawl was demonstrated and the members of the Life-Saving class, in full attire, showed how it should be done in the case of a drowning. A short demonstration of diving was followed by the Medley Relay Race, the Seniors winning over the Juniors by half an inch.

The most effective part was the team swimming done by the senior class to the "Merry Widow Waltz." As a conclusion the whole formed the letters M.E.S. floating in the water.

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Preview of the Swimming Dem: "The audience watched spellbound as each swimmer slipped into the pool on a beet."

Miss Doris Humphrey and her group of dancers attended a tea held in their honour at The Margaret Eaton School, January 16th, 1935. Mrs. Marriott and Miss Layton presided over the tea table which was attractively decorated with flowers and tapers.

We were all delighted when Miss Humphrey told us something of the character and thought basic to the dances they were to do that evening. A discussion of the Modern Dance as it is done in America was also brought to light. Miss Humphrey's answers to our questions clearly demonstrated that for her dancing is an Art, and she herself an artist. It was a privilege to have had the opportunity of meeting Miss Humphrey and the members of her group.

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In November as guests of The Margaret Eaton School, a group of persons interested in the field of physical education were privileged to hear a lecture delivered by Dr. Frank Lloyd, Associate Professor of Physical Education, New York University. His topic was "Physical Education - Is It Education?" and in its development we were not only instructed, but entertained as well. We had met Dr. Lloyd in the morning when he spoke to the members of the school and gave us a brief introduction to the subject on which he was to speak in the evening.

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Canada and the 1936 Olympics

A special meeting of the Canadian Youth Council was held on Thursday, November 14th, at 92 Adelaide Street, to discuss Canada's participation in the 1936 Olympics. The meeting took the form of an open forum with two special speakers, Dr. Irwin of the United Church of Canada and Rabbi Eisen-drath of the Jewish Synagogue. There were varied opinions as to whether or not Germany had violated the Olympic code by general religious and racial persecution which would influence the selection of her Olympic team.

A committee was requested to forward a report of the meeting to the Canadian Olympic Committee.

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The Swimming Demonstration, 1936

Our 1936 swimming demonstration was held on Saturday afternoon, April 4th. The swimmers were divided into groups, each group demonstrating a progression in swimming from Low Beginners to Advanced. The Juniors played several games adapted to the water. A team of four Seniors gave a demonstration of Stunts. Team swimming to music was followed by the letters, M.E.S., moving down the pool.

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Our special congratulations are extended to Phyllis Wray for her excellent work in the Art world. Recently, one of her still-life drawings was published in the Royal Drawing Magazine which makes its selections from contributions from the entire world. Congratulations, Phyllis!

Symphony and Ballet

A delightful programme of music and ballet was presented by Reginald Stewart's orchestra and the Radio City Ballet with Patricia Bowman as solo dancer. The exceptionally large corps de ballet, included many Toronto people and was most effective in the "Ballet Classique", "Minuet" and the "Andante." It was interesting to note that this American ballet, in contrast to the European tradition, used the entire floor of the Maple Leaf Gardens and thereby produced outstanding formations.

Ballet Russe

Those of us who saw the Ballet Russe were carried in our imaginations to far lands of fairy tale and adventure. "Le Marriage D'Aurore" presented a series of gay dances by the guests at the wedding feast of the Sleeping Beauty, Little Red Riding Hood, The Blue Bird, fairies, nobles and others. Next came a Hans Anderson's story, "The Swineherd." In contrast to the harmonious colour and sparkling motion of "Les Cent Baisent" was the violent "Prince Igor." The curtain fell on a wild climax of action and music; we sat back in our seats fired with enthusiasm for the perfection we had beheld.

La Argentina

"Spain's greatest dancer" is more than just a dancer. She is an artist who designs costumes, an actress born to drama, and a virtuosa of the castanets and of heel tapping. Her programme opened with "Seville" to be followed by "Cordoba" which depicts the atmosphere of the old cobbled streets of the Andalusian capitol. Outstanding and startling were "Fire Dance", "El Abaicin", "La Firmeza" and the spectacular portrayal of a bull fight, "La Cirrida", which closed the programme.

Kreutzberg and Page

In decided contrast to the traditional ballet form these two dancers subordinated both music and story content of their dances to perfection of design, modern dance technique, and abstract idiology. Their excellent physical control was particularly noticeable in the solo numbers which ranged from severe abstractions to inimitable satire. Few of us will ever forget "Till Eulenspiegel." Perhaps most outstanding of their duets was the concluding "Promenade," the execution of which was perfect to the minutest detail.

Joos Ballet

This international ballet chooses subject material which is in no way related to the usual fanciful imagery of theme. Although the entire programme was splendidly executed, "The Green Table" which won the first prize in the Dance Competition of 1932, was most remarkable. The whole panorama of war, diplomats, social forces, individual involvement, consequences and effects, was bound into that amazing piece of political satire. One might venture to say that as anti-war propaganda it is superior to the efforts of all the speakers, writers and cartoonists of the day.

Our Sabbath wish is peace - at least in the morning - that "peace which passeth all understanding" - the ability to sleep. But that would be Utopia and residence is no Utopia.

We do not advocate quiet between the hours of eight and twelve a.m. for those who rise early to catch up on back notes, or to read library books which they have covertly concealed in their rooms. Indeed we would feel morally guilty in easing the pathway of anyone wanting to study - guilty, not only because, at the mere thought of working on Sunday, our long and illustrious line of orthodox ancestors would toss in their graves, but because we are consistent advocates of "good form." However, it is distinctly "bad form", or no form at all, to attempt to work in a physical education residence (with those active bodies), not only bad form, but what is worse, plebian, bromidic and stodgy.

Who are the people who get up in residence Sunday morning? Firstly, there are those who in mere carnal desire cherish the fantastic idea of arising at 9:25 a.m. and breakfasting at 9:30 a.m., those, who with so little consideration for the slumbering, proclaim their purpose from room to room and then with joyous voices and happy feet go galloping down two steps at a time to feed - at 9:30 Sunday morning.

At 10:30 a.m. the church girls arise - we cannot unjustly censor them due to our injudicious reference to our orthodox ancestors, but if people have enough virtue not only to want to go to church - on cold wintry mornings, but to really make their exodus kirkward - they should extend their virtue one step further and go humbly and quietly.

At 11:30 a.m., up get those who desire to "horse around" in childish exuberance; they pillow fight; take baths, singing included; they perfect their stunts and tap dancing; they sing entrancing and tantalizing snatches of once popular melodies; in wild bursts of unprecedented energy they even clean out their drawers, banging them open and shut with infantile glee.

Who gets up? We do. We, the exhausted, after a steady week of physical education (from dawn to dark). We, who have hungered and thirsted, not after righteousness, not after knowledge, not after gaiety or even food, but only SLEEP.

Marion Glenwright

Ode to a Nose Clip

Oh, Wanderer, where art thou now?
I saw thee here not long ago.
How well I hid thee far from sight
Away, before some darn female
Should fasten thee upon her nose,
Thus distorting Nature's plan
That women should be beautiful.
How many times, thou treasured sponge,
You held my nose in waters deep
Whilst all around me mermaids swam
Inviting sinus with each dive.
--They only had tin bobby pins!
Now thou art gone, ne'er to return,
Some other face thou dost adorn,
Some freckled, pug or Roman nose.
-----Who knows?

Cecily Baalim

'Tis my fate to retain
Or accept as my bane,
A reaction decidedly negative:
Just state an intention -
I'll have some contention
And employ common sense as my sedative.
Confronted with action,
No chance of retraction,
I stand vaguely murmuring, "Well";
When others enthuse
I can only abuse:
In picking out flaws I excell.
Can I find no escape,
Must I hang out black crepe
To show that my mind is quite dead?
I'd fain be a devil,
In action I'd revel
But I'm dithering jelly instead.

Phyllis Wray

Practice Teaching

Monday and Wednesday were teaching days,
 Recollections of which are somewhat a haze;
 But we'll never forget trying to get there by two,
 Or one-thirty in the case of a few.

Will we ever forget those last minutes of Tap
 When we thought we just couldn't do one more flap;
 Then suddenly Miss Somers would say we could go
 And we'd tear down those stairs about ten in a row?

Our inevitable bags we would pack among stamps -
 (Only latter to find we'd forgotten our pants)
 Then with one hand we'd eat and with the other we'd dress -
 You never did see such an uproar and mess.

Then out into Yonge Street we would literally tear:
 Pedestrians would either be knocked down or just stare.
 To all directions you would see us go -
 About M.E.S. there's nothing slow!

Our friend for life is the T.T.C.
 Although I'm sure they think we're crazy,
 'Cause we'd practice our exercises or might even sing,
 And for the Seniors the latter was quite the thing.

We'd arrive at the school at the sound of the bell
 But you'd never hear us say O.H---
 And we'd manage to get into our clothes -
 But how we did it nobody knows!

With our fingers crossed we'd go into the gym -
 Would Miss Wardley be there looking calm and prim?
 If she wasn't - perhaps a sigh of relief;
 If she was - perhaps you'd shake like a leaf.

In any case we'd try to do our best
 To control that little red-headed pest
 And when three-thirty came we felt collected and cool
 Only we remembered just ten minutes to get to that lecture at
 school.

Muriel Sinclair

Little Libby came home from school and announced that her class had
 learned a new song. In response to an inquiry as to what it was she re-
 plied, "It was a carol called, "Wild Shepherds Washed Their Frocks by Night."

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Med: "I glanced over Gray's "Anatomy" last night."
 Kay Bird: "Grace who?"

Short Story a la Wodehouse

"What Ho." I boggled my coke-ette at a Senior. She had just eased herself thru the frontal portals of Di's and raised the eyes in my direction.

"What Ho," came the answer in a sort of pooped-out voice, not the usual fluted tones at all. Furthermore, delivered in a listless manner tinged with sadness - I might even go so far as to say, sullenness. Anyway, as I say, she had the quality in her manner which I have found goes with a "misunderstood" attitude towards life and one's fellow beings. In this mood people usually look askance and even frown on sunny encouraging smiles and hearty undertones in the voice. Immediately I took the sun off the old visage. "What Ho," I answered and let my voice draggle.

She parked the chassis opposite me and let her backbone gradually slide down and hang in a very queer position - which, if she develops it, will become a new bad postural curve. I played with this idea and had almost decided to name this new curve "Bluemoodosis" when an abrupt bark cut short the surging current of my active mind.

"Pardon," I said non-committally, with an effort to show that she could ignore me or be polite as she wished.

She jerked her head up from its position of sunken apathy and glared. I quavered.

"Coke." She spat it out.

"Er, quite," I looked around hastily. "Where's the waitress?"

"Ordered - fathead."

"Oh, of course - yes."

A lapse in the conversation. M. projected her legs all the way over on my side of the floor, and drooped in every pore. I ventured a small cough.

"Eh," she snapped.

"Er, feeling conked, old thing?"

"Yeah," It was the union of a sigh and a mooring sound - gentle withal.

This was better. I perked up - even let my sympathy ooze a bit.

"Anything I could do?"

"Oh, forget it. You couldn't help." This irked, but still it wasn't unfriendly. I urged her to further explanation by an elevated eyebrow.

"Well, it's just the matter of a decent evening wrap for to-night. You couldn't possibly be of any use."

I became alert. A vision of my new wrap arose and wriggled around in a kind of royal purple rhapsody and within two seconds had been joined with a devilish cunning ingenious idea - as is my wont to conceive. Wrap - influential Senior. You grasp the idea. If you don't, I need only add that famous formula for fawners, "A favour done is a favour won."

Well, I toyed with the inspiration - savored it fully - scrutinized it from every angle - even climbed up and looked down with the asperity of a god. Its perfection held. I tasted it once more, rolled it on the tongue and let it out.

"Er, hate to be presumptuous, but may I offer mine?"

"Yours....." a hiss with resonance, a hiss which lingered in the air and finally settled on the table between us paralyzing me absolutely. This effect had been followed by an interesting case of fidgets, in which I tried to wiggle the distal phalanges on toes and fingers without moving the first and second joints - when she followed this pithy spot of conversation with, "Well, you can bring it to my room before dinner and I'll see if it will do.. There's so and so....I gotta see her." And she left me hurriedly.

The sequel of this little scene had its setting in Di's also. It was the next day after classes and I was sitting quite goggle-eyed after three coke-ettes, finishing off a lemon special. I was ruminating on the luscious pink of my future after the cold blues and doubtful greens of my past in the Junior-Senior situation. My brilliance had triumphed. At this point a loud burst of hilarity came from behind me. I recognized M's voice--a loud laugh but attractive. I wondered if I should join her right away or wait till her check was paid. Something must be unbearably funny; there was a note of hysteria in her laugh. I strained an ear.

"But what's so killing--the little sucker didn't even notice the punch spilled on the wrap." M's voice? Yes.

"The dumb bunny."

And B's voice, "Yeah, the dumb bunny."

I sneaked myself out of Di's quickly with their coarse, rude laughter still in the old ears.

Phyllis Wray

Familiar Sights around M.E.S.

Brig the wig and Is the fiz - tearing into the locker room as the first
 Dun the bum - falling, no matter what she does. (bell rings.)
 Eddie the ready - running at the sound of the telephone.
 Diz the whiz - black stockings, running and shoes and blazer in creative.
 Fieb the lieb - losing her voice.
 Phyl the pill - tearing home for lunch at noon.
 Hurdie the sturdy - "Our speaker this morning is"
 Keyes the wheeze - saving silver paper.
 Barb the darb - looking for library books.
 Dot the spot - binding her ankles for skating.
 Nett the pet - practising tap.
 Proc the sock - cleaning up the locker room.
 Sov the dov - calling "Blanche"
 Ross the hoss - wishing she were boss.
 Mook the spook - making a break.
 B and O - buying coats.
 Hild the build - dashing around.
 Steadie the speedie - leaving the locker room just as everyone is coming in.

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Softly slink the jungle shades
 Seeping down the deep morass;
 Silent in the tropic glades
 Slip sinuous forms, through waving grass.

A burning eye, a cat-like tread,
 The humid hush that seems so near,
 The slippery, silent jungle bed,
 The misty moon tries vain to sear.

Exotic, fragrant, spicy, rare,
 A vine-clad haven, damp and dank,
 So mucky in the stilling air,
 With vegetation sweet and rank.

Fantastic, lush and profuse land,
 Pungent with rare and blooming wealth,
 By some relentless awesome hand
 keeps back its own by dreadful stealth.

Mount Omei

The climate in the interior of China is extremely hot in summer and because of this the "foreigners" find it necessary to go to the hills at this time of year. One of their favourite spots for summer residence is Mount Omei. The top of this mountain is about eleven thousand feet above sea level and their cottages are situated some seven thousand feet below the summit. The climb to the top of the mountain is an outing to which many of the "foreigners" look forward each summer.

It starts with an ascent of one or two thousand feet to a place called "Flying Bridges." Here there is a Chinese temple in the "V" where two rivers join and the bridges on either side of the temple reminded someone so much of the wings of a bird that it was given the name "Flying Bridges."

The actual climb begins here with the "Ninety-nine Turns." The latter is a long steep flight of steps zigzagging up the mountain side at an angle which causes the traveller to stop for breath at every few turns. This makes the travelling very slow but it is certainly not dangerous. For centuries pilgrims have donated money or carried stones to help build the road and keep the steps in repair.

The "Nine Old Hole" is a large cave, which, according to legend, stretches through to Peking. In ancient times nine men are supposed to have travelled by this route to the mountains from that city. Actually, the cave is about two thirds of a mile long and inhabited by swallows whose nests plaster the upper walls and ceiling of the cavern.

The journey up Mount Omei takes two or three days and the stopping places at night are the temples. A traveller relates her experiences at one of these in the following description: "We stayed at the 'Elephant's Bath Temple' the second night and slept in the priests' dining room. They cleared out their tables and chairs but didn't remove dishes and chopsticks, so we had people running in for such things in the morning. We strung up an oiled sheet in one corner to make a little wash-room that was more or less private, but apart from that, the room was almost open to all who cared to stand and watch the curious behaviour of 'foreigners.'"

From the top of Mount Omei one can see the Snow Mountains of Tibet, but the most unusual view is Buddha's Glory. "When the mist is below and the sun is behind you, then the sun casts your shadow against the mist and around you is a halo or two of rainbow colours. When the sun is fairly high the shadow is seen down below you as you look over the cliff. If the sun is low in the sky, the shadow and halo are directly ahead of you. The old idea is that the shadow is Buddha and if you jump over the cliff Buddha will receive you. Now the Chinese are not so credulous and besides it is prohibited by law to jump over the cliff. However, every year there are still hundreds of pilgrims who go up to worship at the temples and to see Buddha's Glory. They count themselves especially blessed if they are permitted to see it."

Helen Ricker

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Ces: "Wake up, quick, wake up."
Phyl: "Can't."
Ces: "Why?"
Phyl: "Ain't asleep."

Mary had a little frock,
Dainty, chic and airy.
It didn't show the dirt a bit,
But gosh, how it showed Mary!

Wouldn't it be funny if -

Dot ran screaming through the hall,
 Blanche began to glower,
 Mary had no favourite "him",
 Isabel C. turned sour,
 Ruthie knew when her knees were straight,
 Mona was rude to the Staff,
 Eleanor Keyes was never late
 And Shirley never laughed,
 Netta M. lost fifty cents,
 Hilda wasn't helpful,
 Mary Lib was study-bent,
 Isabel was doubtful,
 Helen C. just loved to tat,
 Helen E. was bellicose,
 Helen F. got very fat,
 Helen R. was lacrimose,
 Vernona tried a boxing bout
 To gain a little fame,
 Kay Bird lost her front teeth out
 And still looked just the same,
 Marg Ross didn't have a chip
 Balanced on her shoulder,
 Margaret Dunning never tripped,
 Grace got bold and bolder,
 Pearl and Elspeth strolled to school,
 Phyl Wray swam the Channel,
 Louise broke each and every rule,
 Cruel was our Phyl Hammill,
 Ginny's toes turned pigeon--bad,
 Barbara wouldn't try,
 Cecily never once got mad,
 And Ellie's tongue was tied,
 Hurdie joined the T.T.C.,
 Mookey found her locker,
 Marion's feet turned out to be
 Just like Chaplin's rockers?

To Those Graduating

Just a word of expressing our feelings of you,
 And yet wishing luck -- know we'll be missing you too.
 Here's hoping you weather the storms in life's gale--
 That you find it just one grand and glorious sail.

To wish you every success in life --
 Hope that you know neither hardships or strife --
 For this, dear friends, is the parting of ways,
 And what sports, what pals, you've been in past days.

Marion Glenwright



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